

The Letter

by Ed Higgins

You know how it is, one day a good friend sends you this long note telling you how-the-hell they are or aren't getting along in the frigging world and you realize someone's sent you something quite lovely or maybe lonely or likely both about how what's not been divulged or actually related and isn't even the point anyway but rather asking whether you're paying attention and willing to just listen out there wherever you are at that moment. And suddenly you're writing back to her, oh yes it's her in this case, about something or other too, ok something certainly. While all the while you're still listening and writing into those same empty spaces proffered. Trying again for the same kind of attention she's just now been trying to tell you about.

risked words
cupped lightly
from the lake's edge

